

## I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 6

I didn't know if I should laugh or cry. Should I be grateful that he was willing to compliment me on how I smelled when I was covered in cream?

I gave him a dutifully sullen smile.

Enzo blinked. Then, he straightened up and said firmly, "I mean it."

I nodded, pointing to the cream on my head to indicate that I believed his words,

He froze momentarily, then waved his hands. "No, I'm not talking about the cream. I was talking about your scent." My scent? What scent?

I sniffed but didn't smell anything good. Instead, thanks to the cream, there was only a sweet, greasy smell in the air. I felt like an expired cake.

The urge to go back to shower and change clothes grew even stronger. I retreated backward, putting some distance between us. His eyebrows flew up higher at my actions. Just then, a scream suddenly rang out from the kitchen.

"What is that smell?! Who burnt the cake?!" I winced and rushed back into the kitchen, leaning over the door frame to peek inside and found a cook holding a blackened cake on a plate, staring blankly at it. I gulped, completely dumbfounded. I wondered if the cook would kill me if I went in to admit it was my doing.

"Is that your masterpiece?" I heard Enzo's teasing voice from above my head. He was standing behind me and way too close. He lowered his eyes, then touched my head with his chin. He gave me a thumbs up and laughed, "That's awesome!"

This gesture was a little too intimate for me. After all, we had only known each other for less than half a day. I jerked backward. In my panic, I forgot our current position. So my back foot landed right on his, causing him to let out a muffled grunt.

I instinctively apologized, "Sorry."

However, Enzo exclaimed in an exaggerated tone, "Ouch! My toes must be broken! Quickly, bring me to a doctor!"

A nerve in my temple ticked. In the end, I chose to ignore his words and left his arms. After confirming that he wasn't seriously hurt, I went into the kitchen to apologize to the cook.

Initially, she had a fierce expression on her face. She even looked like she was about to grab my ears and criticize me, but for some reason, she held back and waved her hand dismissively at me and said, "Get out. This is none of your business." I was happy that I managed to escape from a scolding, but I met Enzo's golden brown eyes when I turned around.

I suddenly understood why the cook didn't dare to lose her temper with me.

I walked to the door, looking at the Alpha leaning against the wall, and gave him what I thought was a grateful smile. Then, I tried to walk around him to head back to my room, which was right next to the kitchen door.

Please, God. I didn't want to face Alpha Enzo in such a messy state.

Enzo, however, turned around in the next second, raising his arms to trap me between him and the wall the moment I walked past him.

I was frightened out of my socks.

"Why widens your eyes? Afraid that you can't see me?" Enzo asked as he laughed.

I swore I didn't have those thoughts in my mind. "Then, I'll come closer so you can see me better."

I had to admit that he was really good at fantasizing things. I was a werewolf, so I had excellent eyesight. I couldn't possibly have trouble making out people's faces.

He leaned closer, bending his neck slightly. He came closer and closer to the tip of my nose... The mellow smell of wine filled my nose, replacing all the oxygen in my lungs. I could barely catch my breath. Oh my gosh, what was he planning on doing?! I was so nervous, that I tensed up tightly, and my limbs were all stiff.

Under the pressure of being logical, my body's only reaction to this was to... turn around.

"What are you doing?" Enzo asked from behind me as I pressed my head against the wall.

I thought he wanted to kiss me, but it was probably just a figment of my imagination. After all, I'm a slave with cream all over me and a bad reputation.

I thought that I wouldn't be as nervous as long as I couldn't see him.

Enzo poked the back of my neck with a finger and whispered, "Turn around."

Blood rushed to my ears, and I could already imagine how red the skin on my neck was where his finger had touched. I shook my head.

He poked me again in my neck.

“Turn around!” I shook my head again. He poked me again. I shook my head again. I heard an exasperated chuckle from behind me.

“If you don’t turn around, I’ll kiss your neck!”

Fine. He won.

As he wanted, I slowly turned around.

However, I never imagined that I would meet Melissa’s turquoise eyes when I did so.

She stand across the sofa and coffee table, her hands clenched into fists as she glared at us unblinkingly. Her eyes burned with intense fury and jealousy.